An American Story Full of the Romance and Mystery of the East.

STRANGE, WEIRD, FASCINATING STORY OF LOVE AND HATE, TOLD IN ANOV EL MANNER, VIVID IN THE PICTURING OF **EXCITING SITUATIONS.** 

Full of Virility and Dramatic Power, Stiring and Effective, Charming

THE READER FEELS THAT HE IS MORE THAN A SPECTATOR OF THE EVENTS AND TAKES A PERSONAL INTEREST IN THE UNFOLDING OF THE PLOT.

A Masterly Tale By America's Leading Author, Julian Hawthorn.

ed the truth, and with it came a won-

derful glow and buoyaney of strength.

so that I became entirely unconscious of

my body and seemed to be all will and

way, and he went off at a run with me

plunged down the slope into the wood.

Just as we turned to the right to reach

the cliff we met some one. It was John.

ishment. I did not then know why, for-

head. Tom, before us, dodged along be-

scribe every one of them at this moment.

when we drew near the fatal place I be-

lieve I pushed on in advance of the oth-

With the touch of my hand upon it

came a change. The frantic, uncor-

scious energy which brought me to him

was transformed into a no less unnatural

serenity and self possession; it might al-

most be called coldness. My nerves were

steady, my perception clear, my voice

lowed my directions and waited upon

my movements with involuntary sub-

that no life was left, I asked for a knife,

which Tom handed me, and cut off the

coat and underclothing, laying bare the

wound. It was small and dark where

the bullet had entered, but in the breast

palm of my hand. The effusion of blood,

been too sudden.

however, had not been great-death had

The left side of the skull was slightly

crushed, evidently from the fall, and

the left arm was fractured at the elbow.

The face, when the leaves and clay

which adhered to it had been removed,

appeared calm in its exprescion. I lit a

wax match from a box that John car-

match burned without flickering in the

still air. It was a handsome face-never

handsomer than then-and a dignity in

vested it which was seldom seen in life.

Tom shrank, appalled at the aspect of

those quiet features, and John broke

down and cried like a child. I felt

neither appalled nor inclined to weep. 1

was conscious only of a stern determina-

tion to see justice done upon his assassin.

few days before. We selected some stout

stakes cut from their boughs, placed the

body on them and carried it slowly and

with difficulty up the hill to the house

and laid it on the sofa in my library.

Then I sent Tom for the coroner and wrote a note to mother, which John car-

ried. It told her that Henry had had a bad

fall and bade her return at once. When

he had gone, I was left alone with my

dead brother. It was about 4 o'clock.

and the dawn was already in the east.

That strange serenity of mind did not

abandon me, though I was fully aware

of its strangeness. During the past week

or two I had thought of this man as an

enemy. I believed he had done a great

wrong, and circumstances had brought

the wrong home to me to be shared with

his immediate victim. I had even ad-

mitted the thought that his presence, if to this very existence, was hospile to my tappiness, and now, like a swift answer

to that unspoken thought, he was dead,

and his body lay upon the same sofa

where he had lounged and smoked so

short a while ago. But I felt as little

fear as animosity. All passions, both

good and evil, were absolutely still in me. I stood and looked down at him for

long time. It was to be, and I, like

I stood with my back toward the door.

heard no sound, but I was suddenly

aware that I was not alone. I turned,

CHAPTER XIII.

There was nothing miraculous in her

appearing at that moment, but it is cer-

tain that I was never more startled in

my life. So far as I have noticed genuine

surprises are not nearly so common as

they are popularly supposed to be. For my own part at any rate I have gener-

ally found myself in an attitude to ac-

cept whatever happens as something to

be more or less expected. It is not a conscious premonition, but a kind of in-

stant and instinctive accommodation of

one's self to circumstances. It simply means that the man and his environment

are essentially in harmony. But now

The news of Henry's death, profound-

ly though it affected me and amazed

me, too, did not startle me at all. Per-

haps it struck too deep for that; perhaps the dream from which I had just awak-ened had been a dream of foreboding. Be that as it may, it steadled even while it

appalled me. But this sudden apparition of Sinfire at my elbow unmanned me completely. I had not been thinking of her directly at all; she had formed

break away, and there is chaos.

him, was the creature of destiny.

and there stood Sinfire.

Some trees had been felled near by a

ried and scrutinized it closely. The

minutes before.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I-Dr. Frank Mainwaring, a tudent and recluse, lives on the family estates at Cedarcliffe with his mother and elilest brother, John. Another brother, Henry, is coving abroad power. I motioned Tom to lead the The Mulnwarings are Americanized English people, and the estate, with an income of \$60,000 at his heels. We crossed the lawn and a year, is subject to the laws of primegeniture. II-Miss Sinfire Forestal, a hitherto unheard of niece of Mrs. Mainwaring, arrives at Cedarcliffe from England, bringing a letter from her father written on his deathbed and committing the girl to the care of his American relatives Sinfire was reared in India.

III-Sinfire betrays a deep interest in the absent Henry Mainwaring, and John becomes infatuated with his beautiful cousin. An accidest reveals to Dr. Frank Mamwaring that John some questions, but I only shook my has the heart disease, and the ownership of Cedarcliffe may change at any moment, IV-Sinfire becomes a mystery in the Mainwaring household, John makes a confidant of Frank and acknowledges his love for her. He declares that he will shoot any rival who thwarts him and usks Frank's aid in finding out whether her heart is free or otherwise,

V .- The mystery surrounding Sinfire grows deeper, Frank saves her from the deadly stroke of a cobra in his collection, and a bond of sym- ers and was actually the first to reach pathy is established between the two. The an- the body. iouncement of Heavy's expected return causes VI and VII-Henry arrives at Cedarcliffe. He makes a confidant of Frank and in a joking way advises him to get rid of John and marry Sunire. He professes to have had no communication with the Forrestal

VIII-The depredations of a gang of burglars in the neighborhood cause the Mainwarings to calm and authoritative. The others folook to their weapans. Sinfire carries a derringer constantly. John and Henry have barsh words concerning their beautiful cousis, and mission. After carefully noting the quickly following that Sinfire tells Frank that position of the body and assuring myself he hates some man unnamed. IX-Sinure tells Frank that she has a bitter reckoning to make with one of his brothers, but punishment is withheld out of regard for Frank, X-In anticipation of a visit from the burglars the household of darcliffe removes to a summer camp at Pebbie lake, to miles distant. The men propose to re- was a ragged hole half as large as the turn to the mansion grounds at night and grap-

Until he stood within a yard or it no icion as to what it really was entered his mind. Then in a moment he knew it was a man's body, but even then he thought of a tramp fallen aslesp and not of Henry or of any one he knew. But when he noticed how the body lay-face downward, with one arm doubled under it-he recognized death, and bending down he saw the curly hair that could only be Henry's. With that a fit of the harrors took possession of him. He does not know what he did, but thinks he shouted in the dead man's ears as if to awaken him from that irrevocable sleep, and he felt for his heart and got his hand smeared with blood. In what his oughly unmanned and ran hither and thither, not knowing what to do, but probably hoping to meet John. At ength he reflected that I was in my rooms, and without further delay be made a straight line for my door.

He was a ghastly looking object when, the door being unfastened, I bade him come in. My first idea was that he had Limself been attacked and had barely escaped with his life. He was white in the face, hatless, his dress disordered and his hand bloody. He was shaking all over like a man chilled to the marrow. and he could not command his tongue to speak clearly. I asked him several questions before getting any coherent or comprehensible reply. At last he said: "It's a morder-that's what it is! And somebody's got to swing for it."



He was white in the face, hatless, his dress Harritered and his hand bloody

"Who's murdered, I mean?" "Lord 'ave mercy on us. Your broth-

"My brother? John?" "No, sir, not 'im. Master 'Enry, sir!"
"Henry!" I cried out. I jumped up
and caught the man by the breast of his

coat. "Henry? Murdered?" 'As sure as there's a God in 'eaven, Mr. Frank, and 'e's lyin under the cliff

on 'is face." and then there is an abrupt exception to this rule, and then everything seems to

me. So far as I can recollect, my first feeling was one of violent anger against poor Tom, who, as I imagined, was telling some hideous falsehood. That Heury could be dead was not possible. Anybody else might be dead, but not Henry. Henry, my playmate in boyhood, from whom I had parted only that afternoon, alive and well-Henry dead? I was almost ready to kill Tom for saying so, as if that would bring my brother back to

But after a few moments of dizzy in-credulity I steaded myself and confront-

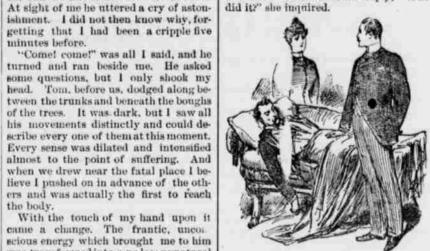
the general circumstances; I was not prepared to consider her separate relation to the event; she was 10 miles away, as I supposed, and hours would pass before any hint of what had occurred would reach her. Yet here she was mysteriously on the spot-almost before the corpse of the man she had loved and

hated had stiffened into its final rigidity. I stared at her in silence, striving to prepare myself for I knew not what other shock. Had she witnessed the murder? Had she any purpose to fulfill? A score of wild conjectures flew through my head. I loved her; she was the great and only passion of my life; she had transfigured me-almost created me; whatever I might do or be bereafter would be due to her, but there are a time and a mood for all things, and I was in no mood, standing where I did, to think of anything tender and sacred. My nerves and faculties were tuned to something different, and I could not divest myself of the idea that she was about to connect herself in some way with the omnipresent horror.

She was dressed in her scarlet riding habit, which she had taken with her to the lake, intending, as she said, to ride back the next day. In the darkness of the night it would have been indistinguishable from any other color, but with the rays of the lamplight falling upon it its vivid hue gleamed out with a striking intensity. Her derringer hung in a sling from her belt on the right side. Her lips were compressed, her eyes brilliant with concentrated light. Her glance seemed to question or challenge me, but after a few silent moments she turned her face slowly toward the couch, which she approached lingeringly. Within a few feet of it she paused and gazed down upon the dead.

"How came this?" she asked at length, not altering her attitude. "He was murdered in the wood. We

brought him here," "Murdered in the wood! Murdered!" she repeated in a murmur. "I thought you were ill," she added, glancing up, and then before I could reply, "Who



"Who did it?" she inquired.

"The murderer alone knows," said L "It seems cruel. He loved to be alive. and he didn't expect it," was the next remark. She fetched a long sigh. would have spared his life."

"Would you have him alive again?" I "How can I tell?" she returned.

Those words, "It is done!" had a sadness and solemnity in them that pierced through my resentment and sternness and made me feel, as I had not done before, that the horror was not only a horror, but that it was irrevocable forever. I could not speak. I turned and walked down the room. Life is all possibility. There are few riddles that time can answer, few wrongs that years will not remedy, but death has no cure. Every thing must stop there and begin afresh The life that has gone out is no longer an element in the problem. The Gor-dian knot is cut, and the severed strands are intractable and meaningless. Then we see, what was invisible till then, how much might have been saved by the strong magic of patience. But it is done -it is no dream or imagination-it is

I turned again. She had stepped nearer to the body, and stooping forward took something from the breast of her riding habit and laid it on the dead man's heart. As I came toward her I saw that

It was a gold ring set with an opal. "What does that mean?" I asked. buried with min. replied. "Let it be

"How came you by it?"

"Call it a bequest. I always meant to return it to him," was her answer. "It meant a great deal once, but now that he is gone it means nothing. It is his."

"I have no curiosity to gratify, Sinfire," I said after a pause. "I have al-ways accepted you and everything concerning you on your own representation and cared for nothing more. If you were compelled to answer any questions I put to you, I would ask none. Nothing that is past is any concern of mine or of ours, and this is no time to think of the future. Let that, too, take care of itself. But I may ask you why and how you came here. It seems strange to me and might seem stranger still to others if they knew."

"Oh, there's no mystery about it, Cousin Frank," replied she, looking at me with a half smile and speaking in much lighter tones than she had used before. "You know I asked to be allowed to stay, and though, to please your mother, I agreed to go to the lake I made up my mind from the first that I would con back. So when they were all asleep I saddled my horse and came. I was ready to do my part," she concluded. touching the derringer at her side.

"You rode 10 miles through the woods "I feel at home in the woods. I can

find my way anywhere." "How long have you been here?" "I don't know; not long. I left my horse a mile from here in the old barn and walked the rest of the way. A litthe while ago some one passed me-lithink it was John-riding back. I thought something must have happened, and I saw a light here and found the door ajar, so I came in."

"I wish you had come at any other time," said I, for I could not help perceiving that her presence in the neigh-borhood so near the hour of the murder might prove an awkward circumstance hereafter. "It would be best that no one should know of it. Are you afraid to go back to where you left your horse?" "That is what I am going to do," she

replied. "It is almost sunrise."
"It will probably be at least two hours before the others are here," I went on. "I advise you to stay near the barn until you hear them coming. Then ride to meet them and give them to understand that you lost your way in the woods. will be too much preoccupied to take any special notice, and the whole thing will probably be forgotten." "Why should there be any conceal

ment?" she demanded, drawing her brows together.

"Because," said I, "there has been a murder, and murders are followed by inquests. Everybody who can be supposed capable of giving any information will be examined. If you were put on the stand, you might be asked questions that you would not wish to answer. There are things which you have not told me, Sinfire. Would you wish to

tell them to the world?" "Nobody could make me say anything I did not wish to," replied she, but after a little thought she added; "I suppose your advice is good. I won't be imprudent. But nothing seems of much consequence compared with this." The last words were spoken in a lower voice and with a sort of momentary drooping of her whole figure. But she pulled herself together promptly and faced me with a smile. "Goodby," she said, holding out her hand.

I took her hand in mine. "I'm not myself now, Sinfire," I said. "I can't be for some time to come. There are hard things to be done yet, and I must keep myself hard so as to do them. But when it is all over I shall have something to say. Meanwhile goodby.

She went out, with her light, vigorous step, and I was alone again. It was now daylight. I put out my lamp and threw open the shutters. I went into the laboratory and drew aside the curtain of Saprani's cage. I tapped on the glass and called to her. She came out from beneath her blanket, glided forward and reared herself up. She knows me well now, and will allow me to take any respectful liberties with her. For my part I feel an affection for the beautiful. deadly creature that would seem absurd to any one else.

This world is the heaven of animals. There is no past or future to them, no memory or hope, nothing but the fullness of the present. They are born into their sphere of life, and they fill it completely, whether it be mischievous or beneficent. But man, poor fellow! is little more than a striving, a regret, a folly and a disappointment. He never becomes what he is capable of being, and he is never satisfied with what he is. If it were not for this effortless self fulfillment that we see in animals, the world would be a grim place indeed!

And so it was a comfort to me to play with my queen of cobras, knowing that she was untroubled and content, and that no rumor of the grief and dread and evil that made the day hateful to the rest of us would ever pass the portals of her consciousness or alter the serenity of her demeanor. I could hold her in my arms and let her coil around my neck; but, though she could feel the beating of my heart, no knowledge of what stirred it could ever cross the bottomless spiritual gulf between animal and human. Were I the wickedest or the most faultless being that ever lived on earth her relation to me would remain unchanged, provided I treated her with the same attention. The denunciations of my bitterest enemy would leave her as unmoved as the enlogies of my dearest friend. No one but myself can disturb her confidence in me; the whole world would be powerless to shake it. Such an attitude has in it something of the sublime safety of eternity itself.

Presently I heard noises and voices without, and I left Saprani with a mind once more composed. Tom had returned, bringing the coroner and the vil-lage doctor with him. They made their examination and took my deposition, and by the time that was over the wagon with mother and the rest had arrived. Sinfire rode up to the door on her horse and gave me a look as she dismounted to say that all was well.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mahogany Streets In Paris.

The laying down of mahogany roadways sounds almost like a dream of oriental magnificence, but it is what the Paris municipal council are engaged in at the present moment. A portion of that almost interminable thoroughfare, the Rue Lafayette-that portion nearest to the Eastern of France railway terminus-has been pulled up, and workmen are laying down blocks of real Brazilian mahogany of a peculiarly fine texture and color. It is confessedly an experiment, as the mahogany is dearer than the woods ordinarily used for the same purpose. Mahogany, however, is not as dear as it used to be. The actual cost of the new roadway will be 50 france a square meter, which is considerably less than £2 a square yard. It is hoped that the extra outlay incurred will be more than compensated for by greater durability,-London News.



Run Down That Tired Feeling - Severe Headaches, No Appetite Six Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla

Bring Back New Life. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "Dear Sirs: - Before using Hood's Sarsapa-rilla I was frequently sick and did not know what was the matter with me. One day I would feel so tired I could hardly stand, the next I would have a severe headache and so on, not knowing what the next day would bring forth. I did not have any appetite and

Was Creatly Run Down.

I tried a good many medicines but they did me no good. Having heard a great deal about Hood's Sarsaparilla I decided to try a bottle. I Hood's Sarsaparilla I decided to try a bottle. I have now used six bottles and feel as well as ever. It has been of creat benefit to me as I have regained n of great benefit to me as I have regained

Now Enjoy Good Health. I can strongly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent blood medicine." M. Symons, 505 Aisquith Street, Baltimore, Maryland. Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and miciently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

FARM FOR SALE. The old homestead of G. A. Mulien, on Tar fork, one mile above old Piegah church. Wil-sell cheap for cash or on time with good security Call on or address WM, MULLEN, Cloverport, Ky

50 cents at Babbage's.

# Your Family

provided with the well-known emergency medicine.

# **AYER'S**

The best remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Prompt to act,

Sure to Cure



PROFIT AND LOSS ON FARMS.

The Fundamental Principles of a Consist-

ent and Profitable Farm Practice. Sir John B. Lawes has said that the advantage American farmers had in the present competition in farm products consisted in the stored wealth of their soils, in connection with climatic conditions that enabled them to grow in perfection that king of the cereals, maize or American corn. Admitting this standpoint of advantage for the American farmer, the direction in which he should look in efforts to improve his methods of practice is thus defined by Dr. Manly Miles of Michigan through the columns of The American Agriculturist, He says:

Broadly speaking, the returns from his soil, and the outcome of his staple crop, maize, should receive prominent attention to enable him to retain the commanding position in the markets of the world to which he is justly entitled from the conditions with which nature has favored him. The first consideration must be to conserve and make available in the production of useful crops the elements of fertility contained in the soil itself, which should be supplemented with the home supplies of manure. The largest returns from the soil can be obtained by growing a variety of crops in succession, among which corn should have a prominent place from its advantages as a cleaning crop, its large yield per acre of cattle food, and the value of the manure from the crop when fed out, in connection with its influence in conserving fertility during its long period of growth by the appropriation of plant food.

Thorough tillage, drainage, a judicious rotation of crops and the home supplies of manure are the agencies that require attention in this preliminary process of crop growing. Having obtained from the soil the largest return in vegetable products under a rational system of management, the next consideration is the disposition to be made of field crops in order to secure the greatest profit from them. It is difficult to place a fair money value on these products, as they could not all be sold if thrown upon the market in the form in which they are harvested. The coarser products would not pay the cost No. 1. duck of transportation from a glut of the markets, as there would be a demand Green, good. for but a small proportion of them out-side of the farms where they are grown. Dry flint, good... side of the farms where they are grown. It is evident that these products cannot all be sold to advantage without converting them into more marketable Roo ters per lb. forms on the farm itself, and as an incident of this conversion should not be overlooked the further advantage of retaining the residue of this process in the form of manure to maintain or increase the soil productiveness. If farm animals are looked upon as machines that are needed for converting unsalable field crops into marketable prodncts of greater value, and for which there is a larger demand, the true principles of the feeding and management of the live stock of the farm will be more readily understood. Animal products of the best quality, that will command the highest prices in the market, will usually be the most profitable.

The nutritive ratios the farmer needs to consider to secure profitable feeding depends upon the relative amount of the several crops he can profitably grow, and their apportionment to secure an appetizing variety in the prescribed rations, so that all can be profitably utilized. This system will determine the available variety of foods, and the farm should be stocked with animals that are the best adapted to the work of manufacturing them all, without waste, into marketable products. The intimate interdependent relations of all departments of farm economy must be recognized and receive due attention," in planning the system of management, in order to obtain the largest profit from the aggregate results. Errors that arise from a too exclusive attention to purely theoretical details of doubtful import will be avoided by keeping prominently in view these fundamental principles of a consistent and profitable farm' practice.

Value of Chemical Fert. izers. At the Ohio station work has been carried on to ascertain the real value of the so called chemical fertilizers, and after considerable thought and experiment it is summed up in bulletin 49 that they should be used only in connection with some nitrogen storing crop.

In other words, nitrogen is too expensive an article to purchase for the soil, and that this element must be supplied by growing crops that produce it, and then the commercial fertilizers can be used with profit. Clover and all of the leguminous crops supply the Litrogen, and they must come in frequently in the rotation to obtain the best effect. Unless we supply the soil in this way with nitrogen the commercial ferti-lizers will rob the soil for a few years and grow good crops, but will nearly ruin the land in the end.

A writer in Garden and Forest de

scribes a novel and effective method for clearing some neglected land of Canada thisties. As an experiment he took a clod crusher, made of 2 inch plank, loaded it with as much stone as the horses could draw and broke the thistles down flat and then plowed them deeply under. The plan succeeded per-fectly. It seems that their entire vigor, vitality and substance were then in their tops, as they were ready for scat-tering the seeds. They were entirely

destroyed, and a market gardener raised regetables on the land the next reason.

The school children of Wisconsin have voted for a state tree. The maple had a large majority vote.

"Down With the Lords!"

A New York newspaper man writing from London says: Havelock Wilson, M. P., leader of the Scamen's Firemen's union, tells me that he has been testing public sentiment on the question of th house of lords at meetings which he addressed recently through the country, Contrary to the feeling in London, he declares that no topic appeals so strong-ly to workingmen in the country as the obstruction of the aristocracy. Every time he advocated the dissolution of the house of lords the suggestion was received with wild enthusiasm. "Down with the lords!" would be the best election cry of the next campaign, in his

Germany's Crown Prince.

ing to all accounts. He has been seized with fits of trembling and nervousness. and much anxiety is being felt about him. It is at once gratifying and pathetic to learn that he is to have "as much as possible" the life of a child for a whole year! This brief statement tells by contrast a volume of what sort of life the little soldier-student has had.-New York Times.



# J. D. BRASHEAR. TOBACCO BUYER,

CLOVERPORT, KY.

Desires to see all the tobacco farmers of this and surrounding

## LOUISVILLE MARKET REPORTS

Correctly weekly by Pumphrey & Laufer, Produce Commission Merchants, 230 Second St., het, Main and Market, Louisville, Ky.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 27 1594. Shippers should mark all packages plainly, with shipper's name and post-office address. BUTTER. Choice, country....... 18 @ 19 Michigan, hand picked ...... DRIED APPLES AND PEACHES Apples, choice bright quarters ..... 5% to Apples, average ...... 4% to 5 Peaches, old ..... FEATUERS. ..... 15 @ 20 ..... 25 @ RIDES, Sheep skins ....

25 @ 26 Grease, coarse ..... Tallow.... Beeswax .. We quote prices to-day on Louisville city . 10 50 @ 13 00 CORN @ 46

Good to extra spring..... Fair to good ... BANK HARDINSBURG Capital Stock \$25 000.

Shoats and pigs 100 lbs and under,4 75 @ 5 00

...3 00 @ 3 25

.4 50 @ 4 75

Good to extra shipping......

Medium to good butchers

HOGS. Choice packing and butchers. ...

Fair to good.....

Good to extra shipping......

Fair to good.....LAMBS.

Light shipping...... Best Butchers.....

Roughs.

Surplus \$7 600. B. F. BEARD, President. WILL MILLER, Vice-President M. H. BEARD, Cashier.

MORRIS ESKRIDGE - - Dire tor R. M. JOLLY. INTEREST PAID ON THE DEPOSITS

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an housest opinion, write to MUNX & CO., who have had hearly fifty years' experience in the nation business. Communications strictly confidential. A Handbook of Information concerning Pateurs and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free.

Pateurs taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public with-

#### GREGORY & CO.

WHARFMASTERS,

CLOVERPORT. - - - KENTUCKY. Also Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Yellow Pine Flooring and Ceiling, Shingles, Laths, Cement. Doors, Sash and Blinds.

and all kinds of Building Material. Sole Agents for

Homestead Fertilizere and Troy Bone Meal.

Orders accompanied with the cash promptly filled

James M. Lewis,

### The drastic system of royal Germany! Contractor & Builder, CLOVERPORT, KY.

Estimates furnished on application.

FOR 20 YEARS Has led all Worm Remedies. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

The Sun.

The first of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANNA, Editor.

The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever!

## The Sunday Sun

Is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in

the World. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, - \$2 a year Daily, by mail, - - - - \$6 a year Daily and Sunday, by mail, . \$8 a year The Weekly, - - - - - \$1 a year

Address THE SUN, New York.

Louisville, St Louis & Texas R. R. Co. TIME SCHEDULE At 6:00 o'clek A. M. Tunday, Dec. 17, 1893

West Bound Trains 53 Mail & STATIONS Expr's Expr's Expr's Daily Daily

Louisville, Hadinsburg & Western R. R. No. 3 TIME TABLE.
TAKING EFFECT JULY 29, 1891.
West Bound Trains East Bound Trains STATIONS. Daily Daily ex Sun. ex Sun. No. 2 No. 6 11 00am Lv Irvington Ar. 9 30am 11 40 Garfield 8 20 11 55am Harned 8 00 7 40 Harned
Hardinsburg
Kirk
Jolly
Glendeane
Dempster
ar FallsRough ly
Rock vale
Ruth
Askins
Oaks

THE LOUISVILLE & ST. LOUIS AIR LINE. (L. E. & ST. L. R. R.) SHORTEST, QUICKEST AND BEST LINE TO St. Louis, Evansville AND ALL POINTS West and South-West. Time-Card in Effect July 31, 1892. 

B. A CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Pass. Ag't, St. I ouis, Mo.
J. B CAMPBELL,
D. P. A. Louisville. Ky
City Ticket Office. S. W. Cor Third & Main St . Louisville, Ky

(18537

